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ABSTRACT

Part of a series of books written and illustrated by the students of Northland School Division, Alberta, Canada, this anthology of senior high school student writing honors the spirit and authentic voice of young people. The writing selections in the book are made accessible to educators so that a bridge of understanding can continue to be built between young people and the adults who teach them. The book includes personal essays, poetry, and short stories. (RS)

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ED 393 118

Student Expressions Anthology

Senior

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STUDENT EXPRESSIONS
ANTHOLOGY (SENIOR)

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Student Expressions Anthology

(Senior)

Northland
SCHOOL DIVISION
No. 61

Introduction

The **Student Expressions** series is composed of student anthologies and teacher's resource guides at the elementary, junior and senior high levels. The purpose of the series is:

- to provide a forum for celebrating the writing of our students and our teachers;

- to provide resource materials which can be coordinated with the Alberta Education Language Arts Program of Studies and the curriculum guides: Language Learning Elementary School, Language Arts Junior High School, and Language Arts Senior High School.

The *student anthologies* provide a glimpse into the young person's world of thoughts, ideas, hopes, dreams, and concerns. The student **voice** is central to the anthologies. Hence writing selections are made accessible to educators so that a bridge of understanding can continue to be built between our young people and the adults who teach them.

The *teacher's resource guides* provide a glimpse into the experiences of educators who reflect on their own teaching and learning about writing. Their unique insights offer the reader an opportunity to reflect upon the partnership that exists between our teachers and students.

These materials can be adapted to suit local needs. It is our hope that these resources provide inspiration and support to strengthen rapport among teachers, students, schools and communities.

Together, the student anthologies and the teacher's resource guides are offered as gifts from *many* hearts!

C.K. Amber

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Looking Inside

CHAPTER 1

Breaking Spirit

I am Native
With a breaking spirit.
I like walking along the lake,
Hoping to find the strength.
I listen to the waves
Splashing along the shore —
Just thinking of life
With its twists and turns.
I hate depressing thoughts
Wishing they would all go away,
And as I am walking
Looking at Calling Lake
So calm and still —
I don't think some realize
How much words really hurt.
But please listen closely
These words I say are true...
What I am really telling you
It's not so cool.
Please listen to me
When I say
I need someone to talk to.

Sharon Beaverbone
Calling Lake School

Untitled

Life is full of joy
for there are many
things to do and say

Life is full of joy
because it's not
just one way

Life is full of joy
for you and for me

Life is full of joy
because it's
our way to be free

Tracey House
Paddle Prairie School

I Love You

Three little words, I love you, repeated every day,
What do those words mean to me, what would I have them say
To understand the whole, you must know every part.
Each word has special meaning when looked at with the heart.

The "I" means every bit of me, all that you can find:
The outer me, and inner me, my soul, my heart, my mind
The caring me, the sharing me, the me that holds your hand,
The me you like, the me you don't. Do you understand?
The happy me, the laughing me, the me that wants to cry.
All the things that make up me makes the single "I".

The "you" means every part of you, all that I can find:
The outer you, the inner you, your heart and soul and mind,
The shy you, the gentle you, the you I want to touch
The special you, the hidden you, the you I need so much
The worried you, the sad you, the sweet you, and the glad you
All the things that make up you make that simply "you".

The "love" is most important, for without it we can't live
It means to share, it means to care, it means to take and give
It means to laugh, it means to cry, it means to hug and kiss
It means to hold, and to let go, and so much more than this
It means to be together, it means to have some fun,
It means to help each other, it means to be as one

So, no matter how it sounds or wherever we may be,
When I say, "I love you", it means all this to me.

Cara Gladue, Rebecca Cardinal and Stan Bissell
Mistassiniy School

Life is a Fairytale

Life is like a fairytale
You feel your heart is full of desires
You wake up from a dream
And feel that you have failed
Can't get back to see what you've seen

Your mind is full of incompletes
But don't stop now, this isn't
what you mean
Youth is full of interesting things
So just stay firm
And wait your turn.

Michelle Jacknife
Paddle Prairie School

Inside my Heart

If you could look inside my heart,
And see my love for you.
All your doubts would disappear,
You'd know my love is true.

Others before you, I have loved
But inside my heart, you would see
That I love you, and no one else.
I wish you'd just believe me

You say I look at other guys,
And maybe you're right, I do
But in my heart, again you'd see,
That I love only you.

You ask me what I love in you,
And you think I really don't know
Your touch, your voice and so much more
Just make my heart beat so.

I wish you could look inside my heart
And see my love for you.
You'd see you're the only one for me,
And believe it's really true.

Lisa Belanger
Mistassiniy School

Pain that Surrounds the Heart

The fire you set in my heart
Means we'll always be apart
You caused me so much pain
I'm reluctant to see you again
When I needed someone so much
You always had that special touch
I will miss you when you are gone
While I listen to our special song
I will miss you dearly
Yours sincerely

Jody McLeod and Deanna Auger
Mistassiniy School

Suicidal Leaf

falling,
falling
I am a leaf that is falling
drifting
drifting
I am a leaf that is drifting
drifting along
a fresh water river
minnows nipping
at my reflection
falling falling
I am a leaf
that's falling
sinking into
that water gloom.

Tannis Nooskey
Paddle Prairie School

My True Happiness

The trueness of my heart is small,
I guess I've never been true at all
I can't show you the way I feel
There is something there that is not real,

All I feel is hurt and pain
I wonder what was meant for me to gain
No hope, No love just hate
I wonder who's life was fate

My soul should go down to the place
Where I will be a new face
So then I could hurt the untrue
To anyone even you

It all goes on and on
pretty soon we'll all be gone
Just the way I would want it to be
But most of all to me

Would pain aim his arrow
and bring on only sorrow
Good-bye my friendly foe
to the end I must go

I will see you down there
The awful place where
our nightmares all roam
there is something there that's not real,

All I feel is hurt and pain
I wonder what was meant for me to gain
No hope No love just hate
I wonder who's life was fate

My soul should go down to the place
Where I will be a new face
So then I could hurt the untrue
To anyone even you

It all goes on and on
pretty soon we'll all be gone
Just the way I would want it to be
But most of all to me

would pain aim his arrow
and bring on only sorrow
Good-bye my friendly foe
to the end I must go

I will see you down there
the awful place where
our nightmares all roam
come live at my happy home.

Bonnie Young
Mistassiniy School

The Broken Star

She left her mother's womb,
to dance among the stars,
and kiss the moon goodnight,
hoping that she'd be part,
of the borealis light.

With a flash and an explosion,
she sped into the night,
nothing to hold her back,
the stars were in her sight.

A rush of ecstasy
flooded through her veins,
post electronic drugs and gadgetry,
to make her feel no pain.

The stars were hers to hold,
to cherish in her arms,
if only she had stayed at home,
she might have survived the storms.

Halfway up the staircase,
on her way to see the moon,
she missed a rung in the ladder,
and fell with a boom.

She never looked up after that
to see what she missed,
she was happy to be broken,
never to be fixed.

Tannis Nooskey
Paddle Prairie School

Clay Cardinal

Charisma
Loyal
Adorable
Young

Classy
A
Rad
Different
Intelligent
Novelty
Art
Lively

Clay Cardinal
Paddle Prairie School

Untitled

Plink Plink Plink
tear drops fall
down my cheek
and to the floor.

Some are joy
and others are pain
just like drops
of rain.

Tracey House
Paddle Prairie School

Free Dreams

Dreams are free
Free of Mind

Mind is free
Free of Spirit

Spirit is free
Free of Soul

Soul is free
Free of *you*

You are free
Free of dreams

Dreams are free.

Erica Francis and
Elizabeth Jacknife
Paddle Prairie School

The Dreams I Have for my Future

I have many dreams for my future.
One dream is to make goals and reach them.
To reach out my arms and touch the stars.
To be a rich person, not in wealth
but in love and understanding.
To be a celebrity, not as a singer or an actor
but as a person known to be kind and caring.
To be a leader, not as a president
but a leader for young people . . .
easily influenced by peers.
To lead them to hope for the future.
To be a teacher, not in math or English,
but as a teacher on life.
To tell what I know about it.
To tell about the ups and downs
and what can be learned from them.
To help gather courage and determination.
These are my dreams for the future.
Because without these dreams,
How can I reach for the stars!

Vivian Moberly
Nose Creek School

Will I Ever Really Be Fine?

Paul Mason knew it would be a rough day. During the night he had a dream that he was drowning in an immense bottle of brandy. When he woke and found he was choking, he stepped out onto his balcony. At 6:30 a.m. the warm summer sun had only begun to rise and the air was cold and soothing.

After a cool shower and shave he felt refreshed and ready to meet the day's challenge.

The refrigerator contained something that looked like someone's crude attempt to culture penicillin. He now had two choices, starve or go out for food. Starving won hands down.

By 2:30 p.m. he could no longer stand it. He had to eat.

Outside, the sun had reached it's zenith and was unmercifully scorching the earth below. Nobody stopped to see if an egg would fry on the pavement, most taking it as a matter of faith. Paul's immediate reaction to the heat was thirst. The first thing he saw was, of course, an empty bottle of beer on the curb. Ask any recovering addict and he or she will tell you that the first thing that you see when your strength gives out is something that reminds you of what you are addicted to. This phenomenon is nearly infallible.

Forcing himself to remember every detail of his car, he walked on. His car had been, before the accident, a black 1985 Camaro. Full bored 350 engine, twin hemis, a racing carburetor . . . saying it was "loaded to the nuts! was to put it mildly.

Two years ago Paul mistakenly thought, in a drunken stupor, that if you drive a car fast enough it will go through a brick wall without much damage. That little experiment landed him in the hospital for eight months and in jail for eleven. Thinking of that often helped him regain his strength to fight his addiction.

He found a small cafe and quickly decided on what to eat. Now came the hard part, the drink. The first beverage on the list was coffee. "Better not," he said unconsciously out loud, "reminds me of Irish Cream." Next on the list was tea. Tea, for some unknown reason reminded him of Polar Ice vodka so that was out. Next was pop. "Mix" he said out loud once more. Last on the list was iced tea. "Looks like rye" he said, but this time noticed that he was talking.

Looking around to see if anyone had heard him, he found a waitress looking at him with troubled eyes. Paul could tell that this waitress, who was blond, tall and had dazzling green eyes, but otherwise looked like every other waitress in America, was considering if he needed help or if he was a walking weirdo (Headline: Man goes berserk and kills six in small Beacon Heights cafe.)

The good Samaritan in her eventually won over. She walked over and asked, "Are you OK, sir?" Harbouring dark thoughts of jumping and yelling "No, I am not all right, I'm going to kill you all!!", he snickered and said, "Yeah, just fine."

Paul's humour quickly faded when he thought to himself, as the waitress walked away looking more nervous than before, "Will I ever really be fine?"

Rennie Nooskey
Paddle Prairie School

Thinking of You

I was thinking of you —
In the warmest way,
I often think of you,
Hoping that our friendship
Will not be limited by the many distractions of life
But will grow stronger with the passing of time,
As I think of you everyday and every night,
I often wonder if you think about me too,
So many things went wrong in our friendship,
But nothing could take us apart from one another,
(At least we both thought no one or nothing could take
our friendship away)
But when that day came,
I suffered the hurt and the pain,
I was the one who went through the anger and sorrow,
When you left this world,
All I did for months was think of you.

Bertha Cardinal
Calling Lake School

Together Forever

I thought we'd be a family unable to part.
To live together forever and love from the heart.
But now I feel cheated, hurt and hate;
since my two brothers were taken by fate.

Both of them were in an accident just out of town.
Morgan lived here and Merle moved down.
They were both funny, happy and kind.
And I will always have their memories glued in my mind.

Morgan and Merle I miss you two.
I wish I could be there with both of you.
But I know my time hasn't come yet
so I will stay here on earth with Carmilla, Mom and Brett.

Morgan and Merle we'll love you forever
and I know some day again, we'll be together.

(in memory of my two brothers who died on December 1, 1993.)

Mark Ducharme
Paddle Prairie School

I Never Knew

I never knew or understood,
Why you left so suddenly.
No good-byes, no farewells
You just disappeared one winter's day
You will never know how you made me feel.
Because you're so far away.

I never knew or you never told me you loved me in anyway.
My life has ended but you don't care for you are with her
And I am here.
I don't want to say I love you.
Because I know that's not true.
The feelings I've had have disappeared on a winter's day
Like today, January 26th right on my birthday.
I wish you the best and your girlfriend too
For you are happy.
And I am too.

Vivianne Grandjambe
Athabasca Delta Community School

All Those Nights

You wouldn't want to feel my anger
For then you will know
How much you hurt me
All those nights in a row.

You never looked my way
And you never understood
How much I needed you
All those nights in a row.

You will never understand
And you will never know
How much I loved you
All those nights in a row.

Vivianne Grandjambe
Athabasca Delta Community School

Memories

I stared through your window but no one stared back.
I shake back to reality I kind of lost track.

I often wonder to myself will life ever be the same.
Then I remember that I'll never see you again.

I remember the times we had and won't have again.
I often cry to myself you were more than a friend.

As I walk down the street I see a smiling face.
Even with family I feel out of place.

Some memories are good, some memories are bad.
But memories of you just make me sad.

Gabrielle Sander
Paddle Prairie School

The Way I Feel

The way I feel you'll never know,
Because of all this, I must go,
I hurt so much, so much inside,
I don't know how many tears I cried,
I try and I try but I always fail,
When I'm almost there, I always bail,
I have chosen many path, not knowing which to chose,
Sometimes I think the only answer is Booze,
Booze is not the answer it's only an escape,
A lot of times it put me in a pretty bad shape,
For when I leave please do not worry,
Don't think you should have said "I'm sorry",
I keep all my problems locked and hidden,
When I talk to my friends about my problems they think I'm kidding,
I trust no one, I don't know why
For when I'm about to trust someone, I make an excuse and say goodbye,
I want to go, go far away,
I can't go on living this way,
They say I can succeed if I try,
I always ask the same question, "Why?",
Life is hard this I know,
I have nothing left to show,
I want to be happy, but I always end up sad,
when I don't talk to anyone I'm somewhat glad,
I don't think I feel anything anymore,
I think I'm shot right to the core,
I wish someone would just understand,
I'm just a kid, I'm not a man,
They say I'm just learning about life,
I feel like someone cut me up inside with a knife,
I've got no friends this I know,
For when I need their help they make an excuse and go,
What I said, it's all real,
Now I hope you know how I feel.

Paul Tuccaro Jr.
Athabasca Delta Community School

Myself as One

I'm many sides.
I'm overjoyed,
and happy too.
I have a goal
and yet I'm aimless
I don't, all of me, fit in;
I'm easy going
funny and energetic
kind of cheerful.
I love it
when a kind person is at my presence
and everything seems okay.
The open feeling of giving and sharing.
I'm something
as mysterious as an open book.
I'm full of interesting ideas
and paragraphs of everyday life.
It is embarrassing
for me when it feels like my life is
upside down and the trees are
laughing at me. The unforgiven words echo
from the wind around me saying words of
madness.
I want to achieve more
in life
by becoming a successful teacher in art.
To show
my talent in every way I can.
I've seen myself in every aspect.
I feel kin to Tanto Cardinal, Dakota House, Thelma Kiskana and Kelly Taylor.
I like
to play sports like volleyball and basketball.
I also like to read interesting books
and draw sketches of
art.
And in May warmth I love to smell
the fresh flowers and
relax in the sun.
The meaning of summer
brings joy to us all.
If I were to challenge more things in life,
I'd gather enough energy to withstand myself.
'Till the bitter end.

Betty Ann Chalifoux
Atikameg-Sovereign School

Looking Out at the World

CHAPTER 2

A Two-Step with a Rose

As the soft wind circles the hazy meadow and with the unfurling of the leaves as the dew drips down lazily from them, you just might catch the sparkle from the sun's rays as they reflect off of the falling droplets. As the blooming of the various shades and colours of flowers, there is but one standing alone among them; The Rose, dancing to the sound of the meadow lark's morning song swaying to and fro.

Down a little game trail smiling with glee, comes rambling a boy who has just felt the first effects of cupid's arrow it has struck his heart with a force to which he cannot explain. The reason being that the girl next door has asked him to go to the dance at the Hale's ranch tonight. Nearing the meadow he catches a glimpse of the delicate flower swaying to and fro under the maple tree, so he bends over and plucks it out of its tendrils and carries it home to give to the girl next door. His intentions are clear, for he is going to two-step with that Rose.

Cory Gladue
Mistassiniy School

Winter

One by one
they fell to the ground
not making a sound
sleighs, bells and horses to
Mommy, daddy and toddlers to
Snowmen, standing mighty high
Watch out for the snowballs flying by
it makes the world look soft, kind
what a beautiful memory it will leave behind.

Doreen Chalifoux
Paddle Prairie School

My Night of Poetic Justice

The wind swept into my room, wreaking havoc upon my poster plastered wall. I got up quickly from my bed and shut the window. The wind seemed to howl in disappointment and hit the window in defiance. It rattled under the added pressure and then stilled. I smiled smugly to myself, looking at the window. I then slowly laid down on my bed again and picked up on my reading. It was a horror mystery by Steven King called "The Tommyknockers". It was a story about a strange wraithlike being that knocked on the doors of people just before it killed them. It was getting very intense. I stretched lazily to get the knot like kinks out of my back and snuggled once more into the comfort of my bed. The wind picked up momentum and surged against the window frame with the same amount of power a hurricane put forth on a good day. Unfortunately for the wind, my window was stronger than it was and it retreated with a deflated moan and rattled the window with an air of content. I gave up to a self satisfying smirk at the wind's demise and shifted my attention back to the story. I could feel a cold knot twist in the pit of my stomach.

With a smirk on my face, a snicker dancing on my lips and a chill worming down my back, I read on, waiting for the moment of truth, when my thrill reached its ultimate max and spewed over into pure, unadulterated terror. It was to come all too soon.

As I reached the terror climax, I read at a furious pace, oblivious to my surroundings.

The window frame broke with a start. I gave a squawk and jumped up, tripping over my entangled sheet and fell with a sickening thud. The wind swept into the room with a roar of triumph. It ripped at the walls and tore my many Harrison Ford/Indiana Jones posters. It sent my lamp across the room only to fall with a smash upon the hard oak floor. I watched this in silence, the ripping of poster, the smashing of lamp, paper strewn about from previous nights sweeping up into a miniature twister. At last, the wind rose up and screamed in haunting glee and swept out of the room in victory.

I could almost see the malevolent sneer on the wind's lips, but wind doesn't have lips so I shrugged it off as my imagination working overtime.

I stood in a pile of paper up to my knees. I looked about in shocked silence. Heaving a heavy, defeated sigh, I sat down on the bed. The wind had torn my blankets off but I sat anyways. In the corner of my eye, I could see my book on the floor by the bookshelf. I turned, and looked at the broken window and gave a loud sniffle.

Tannis Nooskey
Paddle Prairie School

New Life!

Many new creatures
having perfectly suited features.

Grass as green as in pictures.
Flowers with bright coloured mixtures.

The sun shining bright
leaving us with a lot of light.

Days are getting longer.
as the hopes of our dreams are getting stronger.
People are searching for everlasting romance.

Have you guessed the new beginning of life is here?
Which is so divine.

HEY GUYS — IT'S SPRINGTIME!

Sophia Chalifoux
Paddle Prairie School

Big Cities are Noisy

Cars, trucks and buses, all making noise
horns honking, people shouting
building construction hammers hammering,
saws cutting
people talking, music blaring, whistles
whistling
planes landing, planes going, trains screeching
people screaming, babies crying, people
laughing
How can people stand all this noise?

Corwin Wanuch
Paddle Prairie School

Into The Valley . . .

The jagged masses of rock lie beyond civilization,
Concealed by the snow and lush vegetation.
The land is untouched by humanity.
It is bursting with minerals of such luster men would kill for.
The land has stayed pastoral since the beginning of time.
Only the whistle of the wind and the call of the wild are heard.

The wind blows foliage into the air.
Autumn is coming.
The instincts of the wild are aroused.
The wildlife prepares for the cold winter winds ahead.
Burrows and dens are soon to be re-united with their occupants.
Flocks of birds begin to gather up and travel southwards.

The sweet smell of the forest is pleasant.
Herbs and spices in the forest combine to make a potpourri aroma.
The dead calm of the air is hypnotizingly serene.
It is especially serene in the season of Autumn.
The forest turns from a lush green colour to a gold orange colour.
Foliage covers the floor of the forest like a bronze blanket.

The wildlife starts to fall into hibernation.
The beauty of Autumn sets the mood for a deep sleep.
The forest is motionless now.
Snow begins to fall lightly onto the ground.
The tranquility of the forest is undisturbed.
The beauty of the forest remains concealed into the valley.

Michael Mah
Calling Lake School

Books

Books are fine
But sometimes out of line
Some books are gloomy
yet some are even groovy

Clay Cardinal
Paddle Prairie School

Colour our Life

Red, Black, green and white
look at the colours, that colour our life
they reflect on you and me
colours are everywhere, you need no lock and key
to open this special gift
All you need are your eyes, then lift
Your hands and shout
to everyone that you have no doubt
that colours, colour our life.

Valerie Rathbone and Geraldine Oar
Mistassiniy School

She Waits

She stands by the window I can see her waiting, She paces the floor and occasionally stops to have a cup of water. She tries to wait up, but only makes it worse. She still waits.

I can see her, watching the clock. Nothing is on in case the phone should ring. It begins to rain. Lightly at first, then to a downpour. Yet she still waits, for a sign. She is getting worried. She rubs her brow and wrinkles up her forehead.

I can see someone coming. She has seen them also. For a moment she looks relieved, but it is not who she is waiting for. The rain is slowly stopping. I reach over to the phone, still watching, I make the call.

I can see her on the telephone, hear her voice. She has fear and uncertainty written on her face. "Hello, hello? Is that you?" I hang up quickly, still watching. She slowly puts down the phone. She walks toward the window and peers out. She is waiting.

I move slowly, so as not to startle her. The doorbell rings. I can see her coming towards me. The chain is off the door and slowly opening. Standing here in the rain, I greet her, "Hello, Mother, I'm home." She waits no more.

Angie Auger and Jody McLeod
Mistassiniy School

I'll Pray to You

I'll pray to You tonight,
Make them stop their fight
When they fight we are all in fear.
As I sit, falling from my cheek is a tear.
We don't know what to do
For all of us I'll pray to You.
Make them stop their fight
Make them laugh again and
hold each other tight.
As I sit here I feel the world turning cold,
Everyone needs someone to hold.
Not each other but only You
For You dear LORD, You are the only one who is true
That is why I'll pray to You tonight
Just to ask one favour, PLEASE, stop their fight.

Wendy Auger and Elsie Auger
Mistassiniy School

The Sun

The sun
slowly sinking low,
The sky
turning red
like a flame.

Green
Yellow
Leaves fall down
Like my sudden sadness.

My heart starts aching
Bursting with sadness
like black storm clouds.

Rain
Tears
Falling
Night time falls.

Dark
Scary
Morning comes
Sunshine
Cheerful
Sadness scattered
blown away like
dandelion seeds
in a laughing
summer wind.

Gladys Houle
Peerless Lake School

. . . and it was over

The crowd roars and there are only seconds left on the clock. It's the semi-finals in the tournament and the score is 96 to 97. One more win and the Nevada Tomahawks advance to the finals but they are down one point. Sweat drips from the players' foreheads as they return to their side of the court. The coach is yelling "Come on, let's get some plays going here!" The team knows that he is right.

David, the team's center calls for an around the world play to Dennis. The best point guard at attempting field goals that they have. David goes down to about the center line before passing it off to Karl. The very sight of Karl, a very big and muscular power forward, is enough to make any one think twice about getting in his way. Karl took the ball with force down the lane as wall of defence and offence stop him. Remembering the play to Dennis, he fakes the shot and passes back to him in three point territory.

With just six seconds to go, he grabs the ball and shoots one of his well aimed jump shots. As the ball is on its journey to the basket, it seems like an eternity for it to reach it. The crowd stares at the ball as do the players on the court. Just as no one can take it any longer, the ball swishes through the hoop! The crowd goes wild as the Tomahawks celebrate on the court!

"Here we come, finals!" shouts the coach. Charles, their other burly forward shouts, "Bring on the Wolves, we'll kill them!" The other team, the Chargers, slowly walked off the court as Tomahawks advance to the finals. "Don't get your hopes so high because the Wolves had won three of the last five championships." Coach West said.

The days passed as the team prepared to meet their final games of the season. Hours of hours of practice put them in the best shape they had ever been in. The first game came and the Wolves won 113 to 99. The second game and the Wolves won again by 97 to 93. But the third game it was all Tomahawks. They won by 125 to 89 and the fourth game they destroyed them by 119 to 92. In game five the Tomahawks looked dull as butterknives as the Wolves won by 128 to 95. Game six was their revenge by creaming the Wolves by a score of 130 to 91. So this meant that game seven was to be played at home. That's how the Tomahawks wanted it.

It was the night of the game, and the past six games had taken their toll on their players. Dennis was out with a sprained ankle and Karl was out indefinitely with a sore back. In place of Dennis they put in John who led the team in assists. Karl was replaced by James as a forward that was one of the players that could really slam the ball! So with these line-up changes they were ready to play.

The crowd grew in size and it was minutes before the big game. "Okay this is the last game of the final." Said Coach West "So I don't want people slacking off out there. This is THE game to end all games! If we get ahead in the first few minutes and try to hold it to the end, we can win it, so go out there and win. Not for me but for yourselves!"

As the ball was thrown up at center the Tomahawks opened up the scoring by shoving eight points in their face. This lead was then threatened later on in the game with Michael, the other team's forward, starting his own one-man wrecking crew! This placed a lot of pressure of the defence who seemed to be falling apart.

Halfway through the game the Wolves were up by 46 to 39 and there was intense pressure on the team. "We have to perform out there soon or we have no chance at the championship title!" said James. "It's either play now or we lay down and die, so what will it be?" "I say we get out there and show them what basketball is!" said John with a ring of hope in his voice.

Once they got back on the court they felt a renewed vigour pass over them. "Bring it down the lane! Bring it down the lane!" shouted David to James. The sight of James' footwork and ball handling was enough to impress any N.B.A. coach. The other team didn't feel so impressed as James slammed home three dunks in their face plus nine assists from John. Just as the Tomahawks were behind, they now led by a score of 89 to 82 with just minutes left in the game.

Just as everything was going their way, the Wolves tied the score 98 to 98. There was only three minutes left on the score board and the ball belonged to the Wolves. The quick footed Michael then came from nowhere and split the defense and got a two point slam dunk to put his team up by two points.

"We have to do something very fast!" shouted Charles. So with seconds to play Charles took the ball to center then passed it off to John. With quick thinking John saw David in the open in three-point territory and passed it to him in desperation. "SEVEN!" shouted the crowd as the seconds ticked off the clock. "SIX!" David handled the ball and shot at the basket at the count of five. "FOUR!" the ball was still in mid air at three. "TWO!" The ball reached the net at one. Then with a sudden pause . . . and it was over.

Shane House
Calling Lake School

Taking Control

Tim's alcoholism almost kills his son.

Tim panicked. With all his strength, his hands gripped the steering wheel. He pumped the brake. The car skidded. It wavered from side to side. Jane screamed with terror, she reached out for her son. It was too late—Tim lost control of the vehicle. It slammed into the guard rail. The impact sent the car skidding into the ditch on the other side of the road. The car rolled end over end, finally coming to a complete halt when it rammed into an enormous tree. The silence of the beautiful moonlit night was broken by the sound of the hissing radiator and the still-spinning wheels.

Groggy-eyed, Jane's surroundings were at first unfamiliar. Soon she could tell where she was by the white uniform the lady was wearing standing at her bedside. Jane reached out to the nurse. Then it struck her—the nightmare of the accident. The last thing she remembered was reaching out for her son trying desperately to save him from disaster. Fully conscious, Jane grasped the rail of the hospital bed and lifted herself up. Anxiety filled her mind—she felt a fear of loneliness like she had never experienced before.

"Where is my son and husband?" Jane asked, her voice trembling with terror.

"Your husband is in the examining room. He is being treated for minor cuts and bruises. He will be all right," said the nurse.

"My son?" Jane asked. She was on the verge of tears. The nurse simply looked away. Silence filled the room. With tears streaming down her face, Jane began to sense that something was terribly wrong.

She asked again, "Is my son all right?"

The nurse took Jane's hand and calmly told her that Nathan was in a coma fighting for his life.

After a few minutes Jane frantically walked back and forth along the hallway not knowing what was behind the closed door of the emergency room. Anger and depression overcame her. She thought, What if he dies? How am I going to live through this pain?

Jane stood in the hallway thinking of her son, of the drinking and of the pain. Tim walked up to her, his breath reeking of the awful odour of alcohol. He stood near Jane knowing what she must be thinking of him. Tim had secretly had a few drinks after the accident to calm his nerves, but he still felt the hurt. The idea of his son dying tormented him. He tried to block out the thought. But he couldn't help thinking, Why did I sit behind the wheel of a vehicle with all the alcohol I drank? Why didn't I let Jane drive the car? Tim couldn't hold back the tears. He started thinking that it would make him feel better if he had a few more drinks. Jane turned and looked him straight in the eye.

"Have you been drinking?" she asked.

"No," he said looking away.

"I know you're lying. You're filling this hallway with the smell of whiskey." Jane's voice was filled with rage. "How can you stand there and lie to me? Our son is fighting for his life because of your drinking, and yet you're still drinking? How could you?"

"I'm sorry," he said. He backed away. He felt the longing for alcohol more strongly than ever. He tried to walk away to have a drink in secret, but Jane grabbed him.

"You're coming with me to be with our son. Stop thinking about yourself and your stinking whiskey," said Jane as she pulled him towards the emergency room.

Tim and Jane entered the emergency room. The terrifying sight of Nathan caused them pain. Tubes were connected to his limp body. His heartbeat was monitored by machine. "Oh my God!" said Jane. She felt numbness coming over her body. She clung on to Tim. Jane went into a state of shock. Tim walked to the bed and stood near his unconscious son.

"God! Why my son? He's just an innocent boy. Why not me instead of him?" asked Tim with tears streaming down his face. He felt totally helpless. He wanted to hold his son, to ease the pain he was suffering. Tim took Nathan's hand hoping for a sign of movement, but there was nothing. Tim turned to Jane and embraced her. Clinging onto each other crying, Tim begged for Jane's forgiveness.

"I am so sorry! It's all my fault! You have to forgive me," cried Tim. He was losing control of his emotions. Jane stood there stunned and watched him with raging eyes. Tim screamed at Jane, "Did you hear what I just said?" Tim broke down and started crying. Tim walked up close to Jane. Jane backed away; she was not sure how she felt about Tim. She wanted to forgive Tim, but this was not the first time Tim had driven while he was drunk. She knew he would hurt someone in the family sooner or later.

"Oh, come on, honey. Don't run away from me," said Tim. Jane started walking towards Tim. She was beginning to feel sorry for him. Tim pulled a bottle of whiskey out of his jacket. He reached out to Jane.

Tim walked out of the room slamming the door behind him. Jane sighed with relief. Jane needed a breath of fresh air. She decided to go out for a few minutes, so she left the room.

Later that night Jane was in the waiting room when a nurse ran up to her and told her that Nathan was coming out of the coma. Jane stood up then ran to the room. She took his hand and she could feel Nathan squeeze her hand. Jane cried with joy. She thought about Tim. Jane forgot the hatred she felt for Tim just a few hours ago. Jane wanted so much to share the good news with Tim.

Jane decided to go out and look for him. As she walked out of the room, she met Tim along the hallway. She ran towards him to tell him that Nathan was slowly coming out of the coma. Jane halted when she smelled the scent of alcohol. She felt worried, but Jane told Tim the good news anyway. Tim grabbed Jane and gave her a big hug. Tim said, "Let's go out and celebrate. We could both use a drink." Jane said all right, and they walked out hand in hand. As they were getting ready to drive off, Jane remembered the accident, and she panicked. She thought of all the times bad things happened because of alcohol. Over and over they would drink and get into trouble. As soon

as the problem was solved, they would start drinking again. Jane was sick of the alcohol. Jane pushed the door open, and she got out. Jane walked back towards the hospital. Time followed and asked, "What's wrong? What did I do?" Jane walked faster as Tim tried to catch up to her. Jane felt the hurt all over again. Jane went back into the room to be with her son. Tim walked in.

Jane said, "Get out of here, and leave me alone!"

"Why are you doing this?" asked Tim.

"I'm sick of it!"

"Sick of what?"

"I'm sick of this life and all this drinking. It's ruining my life!" screamed Jane.

"But I thought we needed to celebrate. It's no big deal," said Tim.

"No big deal? No big deal?" Jane was screaming. "You almost killed our son!" Tim got angry and he stormed out of the room. Tim did not even bother to talk to Nathan.

The next day Nathan opened his eyes the first time since the accident. Jane stayed with him all night, and she was exhausted. The nurse told Jane to take a nap on the couch in the waiting room, and Jane accepted the offer.

The chilliness of the room made Jane wake up. She hurriedly walked to Nathan's room. Jane was anxious to see Nathan ready to be released from the hospital so they could start a new life. The doctor was in Nathan's room when Jane walked in. The doctor was surprised at the speed of Nathan's recovery. "Your son will be out of the hospital within two weeks. I'm sure you are anxious to get him out of here!" the doctor said.

Jane said, "Yes, I am in a hurry to take him home." She thought about the happy times they were going to share as a family—no more worrying about an alcoholic in the family. Jane felt like a heavy load had been lifted from her shoulders.

Over the next few days Nathan asked where his dad was once in a while, but Jane always changed the subject. She thought it was not the time to tell Nathan what had happened to his parents.

Two weeks passed, and Nathan was ready to go home. As they were cheerfully walking along the hallway, Nathan asked again, "Where is my dad? Why doesn't he come? I bet he is too drunk to come with you, right Mom? Jane stopped, she gave him a big hug, and told him what had happened to her and Tim.

"We're alone now, dear, and we will survive without help from your dad," she said. Jane gave him another big hug. "Let's go home; we have a bright future to think about."

Jane and Nathan walked out of the hospital hand in hand. They were ready to conquer the world.

Judy Okemow
Peerless Lake School

Environmental Problems

In today's world there are many problems with the environment. One of the problems is air pollution, the cause of which is carbon monoxide emission from vehicles. There are also many kinds of pollutants like smoke, dust, ash, pollen, various gases, and other substances.

Another kind of environmental pollution is water pollution. This is caused by the disposal of toxic wastes, raw sewage, into river and lake systems.

The environment is a layer which protects the solar radiation from entering the earth and kill off the living organisms and people. If there were no layers for protection, all living things on the earth's surface would be destroyed.

The atmosphere is a layer which is being destroyed by the greenhouse effect and other pollutants day by day. CRC's and PCB's are also depleting the ozone layer. The atmosphere is also being destroyed by factories, companies, gas plants, etc., as well.

If the environment is being polluted by different chemical wastes, the plants and animals would be extinct in the near future, and the people would die of starvation.

The Amazon Rainforest is one of the largest rainforests in the world and is being destroyed by clearing and burning the trees. It is being cleared for logging, mining, large electrical dams for power. The animals in the Amazon Rainforest are becoming extinct because of loss of their habitat.

Another result of the atmospheric pollution is what is known as the "greenhouse effect." The Greenhouse effect refers to gases in the atmosphere. Gases such as carbon dioxide, methane, water vapour, nitrous oxide, ozone, chlorofluoro-carbons, and others, allow the energy from the Sun to reach the Earth. The increase of carbon dioxide and other gases is leading to warming the Earth's climate. This is called Global Warming, which can cause spreading of deserts and cause droughts in certain areas in the world.

Our lives depend on the environment because of the air, plants, water, and the soil. The layer that supports life on Earth is known or called the Biosphere. Water covers the Earth's surface at about 70% and it is the basis of life and it is also essential for agriculture, industry, mining, hydroelectric power, drinking, recreation, etc.

Finally, acid rain is a cause of polluting the environment and lakes and rivers. The chemicals, sulphur dioxide and nitrogen oxides, are produced by the burning of fossil fuels. Over 100,000 lakes in Southern Ontario have been polluted by acid rain.

Brian Cardinal
Calling Lake School

Environment

Quietly they grew
Untouched or seen
For hundreds of years,
Enjoying the sweetness
of freedom

Quietly they die but,
Easily replaced by another,
Again, untouched or seen
For hundreds of years.

Quietly man is to be
curious about his
surroundings,
Slowly touching and seeing
The environment
Enjoying the sweetness
of Freedom

Quietly man dies but,
surroundings,
Slowly touching and seeing
The environment
Enjoying the sweetness
of Freedom

Quietly man dies but,
Easily replaced by another.

Lordly Man wants more
Now everything
Untouched or seen
Over hundreds of years
Destroyed
All this, a man is
Fulfilled
What is left?
No tree to admire
No rivers to drink,
No wildlife to walk freely,
So why does man
Destroy?

Greg Yellowknee and
Dale Beaver
Mistassiniy School

Basketball

Thanks to James Naismith, there is basketball
He says it's played by the short and the tall
Basketball is my favourite sport
I show what I can do on the court
I run and I jump away up there
For when I land people look and stare
You win some, you lose some, you can't win 'em all
To some it doesn't matter just as long as I have a ball
You must remember there's no, "I" in team
If you want to win games you'll know what I mean
I play all positions: forward, center and guard
To get to this level is pretty hard
In A.D.C.S. we can have a good team
If you look at the talent you'll know what I mean
I'm usually serious, when I play
I can play this sport any time of the day
When I practise or play a game it's mostly with my friends
With my love for this game, this game will never end.

Paul Tuccaro Jr.
Athabasca Delta Community School

Volleyball

I can spike
I can set
I can dig
I can bump
I can do it all
I just need a ball

Jason Cardinal
Paddle Prairie School

Click

At that bill. Little Michael Andretti is gone forever from the race.
Al Unser is now in first with 6 laps left.

It's actually amazing, Jeff, that Michael's car didn't blow up when he hit that wall on just two wheels . . .

"CLICK"

"trust in me!" "you know you do"

"CLICK"

This is your brain, "CRACK" This is your brain on drugs,

"SIZZLE"

"CLICK"

Sunny day, sweeping the clouds away.

"CLICK"

"He shoots, he scores!"

"CLICK"

"this is the story all about how life got twisted, turned upside down . . ."

"MAN, I HATE WATCHING T.V.!"

Jonathan Gaudet and Barry Wanuch
Paddle Prairie School

. . . And Beyond

CHAPTER 3

Blood Bang 2

Hang nail
Heart fail
Bone rail
Intestine pail.

Brain dead
Worm fed
Blood red
Skin shed.

Vein break
Meat cake
Death fake
Excrement lake.

Spine snap
Ankle trap
Blood tap
Skull cap.

Skull bone
Dead zone
Psychotic moan
Schitzo drone.

Head bash
Brain mash
Infected gash
Whiplash.

Skin rip
Guts drip
Knife tip
Brain dip.

Infected toe
Fungus grow
Pus flow
Freak show.

Nose bleed
Worm feed
Flesh need
Maggot bread.

Mucus spit
Oozing zit
Bottomless pit
Life exit.

Cerebrum mass
Execution gas
Broken glass
Infected rash.

Cess pool
Dog drool
Murder tool
Dirty fool.

Michael Mah
Calling Lake School

Space

The darkness of space
Always hiding its space
Never knowing who's out there,
or what's out there.

We can dream about far away worlds.
We can imagine about beings of different
size and shape.
The wonders of space have always
intrigued us, but
The dangers of space are beyond belief
stars constantly being created, and
stars constantly being destroyed.

In the last five decades we have achieved
space flight
In this decade we are building a space station
In five more decades we should be
exploring our solar system.

Russell Loughride
Mistassiniy School

O Joy

It was a beautiful moonlit night in Ketticot County, Louisiana. The bayous that night were dark and exotic looking, while the heat made one think they were in Brazil rather than a swamp. I happened to live a little ways into one but that "little ways" was far enough. Even though my pa and I lived only a mile from the nearest town, we couldn't be more isolated if we lived on a deserted island.

The only people who knew we lived here were some of the townsfolk and the owners of this hell hole. Even though we were squatters, the owners paid us no mind, until they had to do some croc-hunting. You see, my pa is an environmentalist. Everytime those fat Texan oil barons came a-courtin for skins and leathers, my pa would stir up such a big hullabaloo that no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't get an animal if they used cyber dogs.

A light shone in the sky behind me but I still saw it with my peripheral vision. I turned and stared at the ray of light as it streaked over my home. Such lights were common nowadays with in coming traffic from Mars and beyond. This is what it's like to live in 2020.

But this light was different. It was very beautiful, the object that created the light. It was multifaceted and it created a kaleidoscopic pattern in the air about it. The contrast from the rest of the background was startling. The brilliance of it made the night seem darker, turning it from a blue-black into thick black velvet in seconds. It changed colours as quickly as the wind changed direction. One second it was a bloody red, the next, it was azure blue.

I stood up from where I was sitting on the porch swing and walked over to the steps. I tried to follow it as it soared across the horizon but I could hear something behind and it was makin me edgy.

So, I turned around and sitting about a metre from me was a huge crocodile. Needless to say, I was startled. I tried to shoo it away but it just sat there doing nothing. I finally gave up and sat back down on the swing. I looked up in to the sky to watch the object but it was gone. When I looked around I noticed that a light was shining to the east. It instantly occurred to me that the object must have hit the Earth.

I jumped up quickly and crossed the porch, when I got to the croc, I made a quick movement to one side. As I hoped it followed and I went racing in the other direction. Before it could do anything, I was down the steps and plunging into the darkness of the swamp. Even though I couldn't see too clearly in the murkinem, I knew where I was going. I knew this swamp like the back of my hand and I raced through it without hesitation. There were some obstacles but I either jumped over or raced around them.

Soon, I found the site of my search. The trees around it were burning, but the fire didn't seem to be spreading. The object had an unearthly glow to it, probably due to resisting the atmospheric pressures. The object in question was humongous and deeply imbedded in the mud. I was in awe of its size, I slowly walked around it careful not to get too close, yet close enough to inspect it thoroughly. It was actually quite ordinary despite the glow. It had no unusual protrusions or strange markings. It looked like something out of a sci-fi movie.

It wasn't until I walked around the object twice that I heard the moaning. I was so oblivious to my environment that I didn't see that there was someone lying on the ground about 10 metres away.

I approached with caution, uncertain of what I would find. I stopped a couple feet away from them and waited for the person to move or make a sound to indicate they were still alive. I didn't have to wait long. The person on the ground slowly sat up rubbed his head and groaned in pain.

I knew he was male as soon as I saw him clearly, but I was uncertain if he was even human. He was too unique to be human. He had long black hair and his ears had long tapering tips to them. His eyes were huge and were like burning sapphires, so bright a blue that they seemed to glow even in the gloom.

He was bone white in colour and I could see the blue rivers that were his veins. He didn't really look at me, I could see he was despairing over the object behind me. I knelt down beside him and helped him stand up. He stood up unsteadily, still not looking at me which was fine with me as I wanted to look at him without the embarrassment of his knowing.

Unfortunately, that wasn't easy to do, since he towered a good foot over my height, which was 5'7". Even though he was so tall, he was small boned and had elf like features right down to only 4 fingers. He certainly wasn't what I expected of an alien.

"What's your name? Are you hurt?" I asked quietly not really expecting him to understand, but hoping he would at least respond in some way. No such luck.

He didn't really pay attention even at my query. It wasn't until the huge slag of glowing metal had sunk and finally disappeared under the mud that he turned to acknowledge my presence. He gave me a quick look over and then sneered in disgust at my clothing.

I looked down at my clothes, which in my opinion were perfectly fine. So my clothes were dirty, white t-shirts and shorts didn't stay clean long in the bayous. So I didn't have shoes on they hampered my feet and gave me blisters. At least my face and hands weren't smudged with dirt and grass, and at least my clothes weren't ripped and covered with mud. I will admit my hair was a mess, still uncombed from last night. His was matted with dried blood, mud and sweat. He was no prizewinner even if he still looked wonderful. I had to burst his bubble while I had a chance.

"Oh forgive me, your majesty, your arrival was so unexpected I didn't have time to put on my crown jewels," I informed him in a sickly sweet voice.

I didn't expect him to understand what I said, considering he was an alien. In fact, I was expecting him to give a quizzical look then maybe try to communicate.

So you could say I was a bit surprised when he looked at me arched an eyebrow, sneered and said;

"O joy, I always wanted to be stuck in a swamp with a wild cajun who thinks she's Princess Di."

Tannis Nooskey
Paddle Prairie School

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